

The Enterprise.

VOL. 7.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1902.

NO. 28.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.

5:15 A. M. Daily.
7:26 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
9:12 A. M. Daily.
12:14 P. M. Daily.
4:54 P. M. Daily.
5:54 P. M. Daily.

SOUTH.

6:45 A. M. Daily.
7:19 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
12:10 P. M. Daily.
4:10 P. M. Daily.
7:55 P. M. Daily.
12:30 A. M. Sundays Only (Theater).

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

Change of Time Which Went Into Effect February 5th, 1900.

Cars leave Holy Cross 6:49, 7:19, 7:37, 8:51, 8:16 A. M. and every 15 minutes thereafter until 4:17, 4:38, 4:49, 5:06, 5:21 and every 15 minutes thereafter until 4:49.

7:51 P. M., 8:21, 8:39, 8:51, 9:09, 9:25, 9:49, 10:21, 10:38, 11:23.

All cars run direct through to new Ferry Depot.

First car leaves Baden Station 8:52 A. M., and

every 15 minutes thereafter until 6:10 P. M.

Time cards can be obtained by applying to conductors or office at 30th St.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sunday 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. Money office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

A. M. P. M.
From the North 7:05 12:20
" South 4:15

MAIL CLOSES.

A. M. P. M.
North 8:50 12:30
" 4:30
South 6:31

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

MEETINGS.

Hope Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeyman Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	
Hon. G. H. Buck	Redwood City
TREASURER	
P. P. Chamberlain	Redwood City
F. M. Granger	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	Redwood City
J. J. Bullock	Redwood City
ASSESSOR	
O. D. Hayward	Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER	
M. H. Thompson	Redwood City
SHERIFF	
J. H. Mansfield	Redwood City
AUDITOR	
Geo. Barker	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Miss Etta M. Tilson	Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	
Jas. Crowe	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	
W. B. Gilbert	Redwood City

McBride's Opposition Effective.

Seattle, Wash.—All efforts to bring the Jeffries-Fitzsimmons fight to Seattle in the summer have been called off because of Governor McBride's opposition. A committee of Seattle business men waited on him to ascertain his attitude. He informed them that he would do everything in his power to prevent the fight in this State.

Fortifications to Be Rebuilt.

Vienna.—A telegram from Warsaw announces that the Russian Government has decided to rebuild the fortifications on the German and Austrian frontiers at a cost of 420,000,000 rubles. This action is necessary as the result of Colonel Grimm's betrayal of the plans of the existing Russian fortresses.

Jesuit Priest Murdered.

Paris.—The Foreign Office here has received a dispatch from Peking confirming the report that a Jesuit priest named Le Mouler has been murdered in the province of Chi-li. His head was taken to Yuen Chen and hung on a tree.

Held Captive by Menek.

New York.—A cable to the Sun from Rome says: A trooper writes from Abyssinia that he and twenty other Italians are still prisoners of Negus Menek. It was supposed that these men were killed at the battle of Adowa in 1896.

Immigrant Train in a Wreck.

Connellsville, Pa.—Two persons were killed and forty-five injured, three fatally, in a head-on collision between an immigrant train and a fast freight near Rockwood on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

BRADSTREET'S WEEKLY REVIEW OF TRADE

Good Weather Helped the Retail Trade—Wool Dull in East—Weak Cereal Market.

New York.—Bradstreet's says: More seasonable weather over wide areas has helped distribution at retail points. Exceptions to this are found in some portions of the Southwest, where lack of rain affects crops, and also in portions of the Northwest, where the reverse is the case, too much rain interfering alike with spring wheat planting and distribution of seasonal goods.

With the exception noted, agricultural operations have made good progress, and weather conditions have been in the main favorable, particularly in the eastern portion of the winter wheat belt, to the oat crop generally, in the newly planted spring wheat sections and in the larger part of the cotton belt.

Wool is dull at the East, reflecting the curtailed consumption and irregularity. Small stocks at Eastern points are a steady element, in view of the lack of demand, but at the West buying is heavy, at slightly higher prices than a year ago.

It has been a weak market for cereals, good crop advices deciding the "bull" reports of dry weather in Kansas and too much rain in parts of the Northwest, added to the strong statistical position, American and Canadian stock declining 16,000,000 bushels during the month, and large clearances, particularly of Canadian wheat, were stimulating features, later raising price levels to the highest points reached in the week. The primary movement of grain is very small for the season. Wheat, including flour, exports for the week aggregated 5,308,555 bushels, against 3,750,589 last week, and 5,100,736 in this week last year. Wheat exports July 1, 1901, to date, forty-four weeks, aggregate 215,854,822 bushels, against 175,716,827 bushels last season.

Business failures in the United States for the week number 174, as against 191 last week and 163 in this week last year. In Canada, for the week, 22, against 20 last week and 17 a year ago.

BOGUS CHECKS BEING FLOATED.

Eastern Hotels Victimized With Drafts on a Fruit Concern.

San Jose.—A remarkably clever swindle is being operated on a number of prominent persons throughout the Eastern states by some sharpers who have a familiar knowledge of conditions in the fruit business of this locality. The method employed by the swindlers is to cash at leading hostleries drafts drawn on either the Bank of San Jose or the American Bank and Trust Company for amounts ranging from \$100 to \$200, signed by the Earl Fruit and Produce Company. These drafts are printed in splendid style and bear the heading of the company as above, and are machine numbered and perforated so as to present a genuine appearance. The signature of the Earl Fruit and Produce Company is printed, and beneath is written a signature, a portion of which is decipherable as Earl, but the balance of the signature is so involved in flourish that it is illegible.

At the bank of San Jose these bogus drafts have been arriving for several days, and the amount represented by the uncredited paper will aggregate thousands. Undoubtedly the swindle is on a big scale, as the American Bank and Trust Company is having an experience similar to that of the local bank. The bogus drafts have been coming in regularly every day, and more are anticipated. The State bank association has promulgated a public notice advising the public of the swindle.

Prominent Boer Taken.

Pretoria.—Colonel Barker reports that April 30th he captured Commandant Mani Botha, his Adjutant and eleven others near Frankfort, Orange River colony. Mani Botha is a nephew of the Commandant-General, and is General de Wet's ablest lieutenant.

Crushed to Death by a Log.

Tacoma.—Chris Holz, a well-known resident of this county, was crushed to death by a log while clearing the right of way on his place for the Tacoma Eastern Railroad, about twenty-seven miles south of Tacoma. He was 35 years of age.

To Control Candy Market.

Syracuse, N. Y.—A company has been incorporated under the laws of New Jersey, of which Charles M. Warner of this city is president, to manufacture candy and eventually to control the candy market of the United States. Ten carloads of chocolate creams per day, with immense quantities of glucose, grape sugar, corn oil and starch, will be placed on the market by the company in a short time upon the completion of its new refinery at Peoria, Ill.

The sugar to be used in the manufacture of the chocolate creams is produced from corn. Millions of bushels of this cereal will be used annually for this purpose. Corn oil and starch will also be manufactured, at least 3,000,000 bushels of corn going into the manufacture of starch every year.

Large Lumber Contract.

Oakland.—The Oakland Transit Company has let a contract to the Tacoma Mill Company for about 4,000,000 feet of lumber required in the construction of the proposed new pier at Emeryville to be used in connection with the new ferry line. The pier will be over 15,000 feet, or nearly three miles in length. Four thousand railroad ties designed for the reconstruction of the Piedmont line are being unloaded from the schooner National City on the water front. The entire work of reconstruction will involve the laying of over 100,000 new ties.

Scores Burned to Death.

Cairo, Egypt.—A fire at Mil Gamar, a town on the right bank of the Damietta branch of the Nile, in which a number of lives were lost and thousands of native residences were destroyed, burned for three days and nights. The inhabitants of the town were unable to escape from their flimsy wood and straw huts and were burned therein or lost their lives while trying to rescue their belongings. Sixty-one bodies have been recovered. Eight other persons have been seriously injured.

Kills Friend While Drunk.

Phoenix, Ariz.—Charles Livingston was shot in a saloon at Benson by James Shepard, who had been a warm friend of his. Livingston staggered across the floor, fell and was carried to his room, where he died three hours later. Shepard was under the influence of liquor and Livingston tried to put him to bed. In doing so he accidentally scratched Shepard's face and the latter thinking it was done purposely arose, staggered behind the bar, got a gun and shot him in the left breast.

Drowned in a Well.

St. Helena.—Mrs. C. J. Browne of Sacramento, aged about 28, committed suicide by drowning herself in a well. The woman was a patient at the St. Helena Sanitarium receiving treatment for a mental trouble. While in a state of melancholia and when her nurse had left her for a minute, the woman escaped from the building and ran about two miles up the road, where there was an old well. Throwing off the boards from the top, she jumped in.

Old Man Shot to Death.

Oroville.—Charles H. Lake, aged 72 years, while attempting to cross a cable footbridge at Yankee Hill accidentally shot and killed himself. He was carrying a gun, which fell and went off, the shot taking effect in his left elbow and passing up into the shoulder. It was two hours before he was found, and he was then so weak from loss of blood that he died in a short time.

Monterey Streetcar Line Sold.

Santa Cruz.—Fred W. Swanton of this city and his associates acquired possession of the Monterey and Del Monte street car line, paying \$50,000 for it. It will be converted into an electric system at a cost of about \$175,000. The same parties will build an electric line from Santa Cruz to Capitola.

Chinese Sentenced to Death.

Los Angeles.—Wong Bing, a Chinese murderer, was sentenced in Judge Smith's court to be hanged at San Quentin. The crime for which the Mongolian will hang was the cold-blooded killing of Chow Youck Toy last October in a gambling joint.

Fighting in China.

Peking.—A detachment of soldiers belonging to the troops of General Yuan Shi Kai, the Governor of Chihli province, recently lost sixty men killed while attempting to quell an anti-indemnity uprising near the border of Honan province. This city, is dead.

FOUR HUNDRED

DIE IN TORNADO

A Great Windstorm Causes a Heavy Loss of Life in India.

Calcutta.—A tornado has devastated the city of Dacca and the adjoining towns. Four hundred and sixteen persons were killed. Crops were ruined throughout the district.

Simla, India.—The tornado first struck Pogola the afternoon of April 23d, where it wrecked the Datta jute works. From Pogola it moved to Sanachar, where the India General warehouses were destroyed by a great wave which was whirled out of the river by the wind. Everywhere in the path of the tornado huts, trees, the roofs of houses and people were carried up into the air like paper. Thirty-one persons were killed at Sanachar, 110 near Dacca, 175 at Nalband and 100 at Barnighat.

Dacca, a city in Bengal, has a famous place in the history of British India. It is situated 150 miles northeast of Calcutta. In the seventeenth century it was the capital of Bengal. In 1800 it had a population of 200,000 and was noted for its product of fine muslins, which were known as "woven wind." Growing imports of Manchester cottons ruined its industry, however, and by 1891 the population had dwindled to 82,000.

FROM WASHTUB TO PALACE.

Poor Laundress to Return to Home and Fortune.

Tacoma, Wash.—After years of want and suffering, with barely enough to keep soul and body together, Theresa Knapp, a laundress at the Pacific Hotel of Aberdeen has informed that a large legacy from an aunt in Stockholm, Sweden, is awaiting her acceptance.

Mrs. Knapp came to Aberdeen thirteen years ago, and for several years received money regularly from Stockholm. This remittance ceased four years ago, and since then she has found it difficult to make even a bare living. To some friends Mrs. Knapp once told her life history, and it could well be described as "from palace to the washtub."

Her early life, as Sophia Brand, was passed as a lady in waiting at the royal court. She disregarded the commands of her King and family, and wedded a young officer by the name of Knapp. Disowned by her family, ostracized by society, dropped from court circles and finally widowed, Mrs. Knapp left and came to Aberdeen. The letter announcing her good fortune states that it was reported in Stockholm four years ago that she had died, thus accounting for the stoppage of her remittances. She will return to Sweden at once and claim her inheritance.

Escapes by a Window.

Oakland.—While delirious, Miss Louise O'Neal, a patient at Fabiola Hospital, escaped from the building about 2 o'clock in the morning by climbing through a window. The young woman left all of her clothing in the room, taking with her only her night clothes, a quilt and a pair of slippers. She was found the following day near the hospital none the worse for her night out.

Opposed to Beef Trust.

Chicago.—The executive committee of the National Live Stock Exchange passed resolutions requesting the Government officials to make the proposed investigation of the so-called beef trust as promptly and as thoroughly as possible, and calling upon different live stock exchanges to take action to endeavor to bring the live stock trade back to its normal channels and restore confidence.

New Mexico Miners Killed.

Capitan, N. M.—The falling in of the roof in Mine No. 4 of the New Mexico Fuel Company's coal workings here, resulted in the death of two miners, David Thompson and William Webb. The accident is thought to have been caused by heavy shooting.

Death of a French Editor.

Los Angeles.—Pierre Ganee, who for twenty-five years had been the editor and proprietor of L'Union Nouvelle, a French paper published in this city, is dead.

To Succeed Martinelli.

Rome.—Mgr. Falconi, the acting papal delegate in Canada, is to succeed Cardinal Martinelli as papal delegate to the United States.

DISGRACE ENDS NOTED CAREER.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. B. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

If there is only one unpardonable sin
it must be insincerity.

In one way a bad habit is like a bill
collector. It is hard to get away from.

The best way to punish the brigands
will be to cut off their missionary supply.

He is a wise father who knows his
own child was as much at fault as the
other man's.

Some men are kept so busy main-
taining their dignity that they haven't
time to earn a decent living.

It is probably safe to say that no
titled European will be able to marry
Hetty Green for her money.

In order to be at her silver wedding
anniversary a woman is willing to admit
that she isn't as young as she used
to be.

"Ping to me only with thine eyes,
and I will pong with mine." That's
the way they are playing the game
over in Luunon.

An esteemed contemporary says that
any attempt to run down Niagara Falls
is less majestic in this country. More
often it's suicide.

An editor wants to know what
would happen if Prince Henry and
Admiral Evans should ever meet in
battle. We give it up. What's the answer?

"Is the press degenerating?" asks
the Literary Digest. We think not.
The reputable press seems to be hold-
ing its own, and the yellows cannot de-
generate.

All the pulpit and platform elo-
quence in the world doesn't make as
much for good government as a little
wholesome activity before and at the
primaries.

Under The Hague treaty prisoners
of war may be employed by the state
capturing them. History may contain
the thrilling detail: "The old guard dies,
but never works."

Sir Henry Irving has launched the
keenest criticism against the Baconian
theory and it can be put in a sentence.
He says that it took an actor to write
Shakespeare's plays and that no mere
poet or philosopher could have done it.

The indications are that Uncle Sam's
door will not "swing inward" on its
hinges as readily in the future as it
has in the past. In order to be admitted
the immigrant will have to give the
password, "Fitted for good citizenship."

President Eliot of Harvard in his address
concerning the degree of doctor of laws on Prince Henry spoke of the
"venerable American union" and the
"young German empire," and thus
wisely called attention to a fact hitherto
unrecognized in Europe, that the
American republic is not on trial, but
has proven itself worthy to live by 125
years of glorious history in war and
peace.

A mining expert recently described a
lode as traversing "a metamorphic matrix of a somewhat argillaceous
composition." This means, literally,
"a changed mass of a somewhat
clayey-sandy composition." This in its
turn may be translated into plain English as m-u-d. Why choke a puny fact
with murderous polysyllables? Huxley and Darwin, Lyell and Faraday
could so write as to be "understanding
of the people," and there is a suspicion
abroad in these times that the big
words so freely used by small men are
a device to conceal ignorance and inexact
thought rather than a proof of superlior knowledge.

Bishop Potter says that when he has
been traveling in Europe or visiting
public places he has never heard a loud
or harsh voice raised above the tone of others
around him without turning with a shudder of apprehension to find
if the voice were that of a fellow countryman. Are Americans in so much
haste that they do not take time to modulate their voices? That conclusion is more probable than that the air
of freedom is not favorable to an agreeable utterance. A man is known by
the voice he keeps. Identification is
just as practicable when a woman
speaks. In the cultivation of good
manners the vocal chords must not be
forgotten.

What's the use of crowding, anyway?
There's no need of anyone being jostled off the map. There's plenty of
room. When the crowd begins to push
and shove and the struggle for stand-
ing room grows strenuous and the
strife for dollars becomes too fierce
just step over into Labrador. This is
an age of expansion. If there isn't
room enough for you to expand in our
new insular possessions Labrador, with
its vast expanse of unoccupied territory,
holds out its icy arms to you and says,
"Come." The census returns for
1901 show a total population for Labrador of 3,634, which indicates a falling
off of 472 from the returns of the pre-
ceding census. As Labrador has an
area of 200,000 square miles it will be
seen that there is plenty of room for
the ambitious young man to grow up
and expand with the country. In fact,
there is more room in Labrador than
there was in 1891, for 472 persons have

moved out. It is difficult to account for
this decline in population. Labrador
has plenty of space and a bracing at-
mosphere. Its cold storage facilities
are unsurpassed except in Greenland
and in the office of Russell Sage. The
people who are cramped and crowded
and who clamor for more room should
cast their eye toward Labrador.

Again comes the old question, "What
is the good of money if it will not buy
the things that one desires?" A
wealthy lady of Chicago has more
money than she can possibly use. She
can draw a big check as easily as most
persons can spend a nickel. But the
thing she wanted was a child, a laughing,
rosy-cheeked cherub, to put both
arms around her neck and make her
realize the real, deep meaning of love;
to round out her life and make her
happy. So she looked around and
found a bit of a boy, who had cap-
tured sunshine tangled in his hair and
love in his blue eyes, a brave mouth
and a sturdy little figure. He was
one of seven children, and he didn't
know that his mother, a widow, was
wearing out her life to provide food
for the seven. The rich lady borrowed
the boy for a time and carried him
away to fairyland. She bought fine
clothing for him, toys enough to stock
a store, and loved him, too. She had
a great artist paint the child's portrait,
and she discovered that it was
going to be very hard to return this
human blossom. One day she called
on his mother and offered \$5,000 for
him. "I'll adopt him, I love him.
You have so many, and I have none,"
she ventured. And the widow looked
over her flock and said: "I can't spare
one; no, not for a million dollars," and
she drew her baby to her heart. The
good wife of a New York garment
trimmer presented him with triplets.
It raised his family census to nine. At
the very best the father can earn \$12 a
week. That is a situation that would
drive some men to suicide. But he said:
"I'm glad they came. God has
blessed me with them, and we will get
along somehow. I haven't one too
many." Child-love dwarfs every other
human passion. It makes men and
women carry heavy burdens without a
murmur; it makes them accept self-
denial patiently, and glorifies lives.
There is scarcely a home in the land,
no matter how great its poverty,
where, for mere money, a man or
woman would part with even one of a
little flock, and the reason is human love
for its own blood.

Hitherto, when the time has come
around for taking the national census,
the entire force engaged in the work,
from the director down to the humblest
clerk, has been assembled at short notice.
Few of the many thousands em-
ployed have had previous training or
experience in the peculiar duties of a
census. When the work was done the
force was disbanded, leaving only
printed reports to enable the next corps
of workers to profit by its knowledge
and to avoid its errors. This method
is so wasteful that repeated efforts
have been made to establish a permanent
census service, which should carry
along some branches of statistical in-
vestigation in the intervals between
censuses, and be capable of expansion
for the full census work when the
decennial year arrived. This suggestion
was made before the eleventh census
was taken, but without result. The
proposition was renewed before the
twelfth census was taken, and a bill
embodying it passed the House, but
failed in the Senate. The bill upon
which both houses of Congress have
now agreed, although it is open to criticism
from the civil service reform point
of view in its provisions for covering
present employees into the classified
service, is highly commendable in its
main purpose. The bill confines the de-
cennial work of the bureau to the sub-
jects of population, agriculture, vital
statistics and manufactures, and leaves
the other subjects now covered by the
census, and some new ones, to be dealt
with more deliberately by the smaller
permanent force. The new system will
make it possible to broaden the census
inquiries without increased expense or
delay in the publication of results. A
permanent census bureau can co-operate
with States and local officers, and
open up new fields of study. The
next enumeration will be more difficult
than previous ones, because it will in-
clude the insular possessions of the
United States. It will be a great gain
to enter upon that work with an al-
ready organized bureau, directed and
largely manned by experts, instead of
committing it to an improvised force.

Biggest Railroad Station.
The city of St. Louis now possesses
the distinction of having the largest
railway station in the United States.
It is 630 feet long and 600 feet wide,
and has thirty tracks, enough to han-
dle ten incoming and ten outgoing
trains simultaneously. It is known as
the Union Station, and the territory
owned by the company operating it
covers twenty-seven acres.

The city of Boston has the next to
the largest station for passenger ser-
vice in the country. The Union Station
in Boston, on the north side, has
a length of 500 feet, a width of 400
feet and twenty-three tracks.

Both of these huge stations are to be
surpassed by the new Southern Union
Station in Boston, upon which work
was begun in January, 1897, and
which is now nearing completion. It
is designed to be the biggest railroad
station in the United States. The walls
are built, the steelwork is all in place,
and the material is on the ground for
the completion of the structure.—The
Ledger Monthly.

The fare on the Congo railroad for
250 miles is \$100, or 40 cents a mile.

Children's Corner

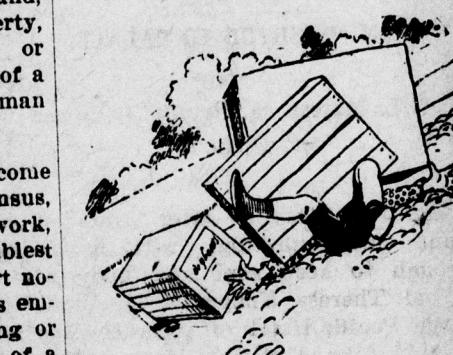
A Proper Art.

Every girl should be taught to darn,
with all the dainty stitches of the art.
There should be instilled into her a
sense of the disgrace of wearing a
stocking with even a broken thread,
while a darn well put in has a home-
like, respectable look that in no way
deteriorates from the value of a good
stocking. Darning is a lady's occupa-
tion, akin to embroidery in dexterity
and gentleness of touch. It requires
skill and judgment to select the thread,
which should be but a trifle coarser
than the web of the stocking, or, in
case of cloth, than the thread of the
goods. Where a cloth may be easily
raveled, it is better to darn it with the
ravelings, unless it is in a place where
more than ordinary strain comes on the
goods. Thick cloth should be darned
between the layers, and, when done by
a skillful hand and well pressed, the
work becomes practically invisible. A
darning case, fitted out with a pretty
olive-wood egg to hold under the stock-
ing, a long, narrow cushion of darning
needles, cards of various colored wools
and cottons, and all the necessities for
the complete outfit of a darning, is a use-
ful present for a girl, and one that she
should be instructed to use faithfully.—
Central Presbyterian.

The Story of Willie Wouldn't Mind.



This is Willie Wouldn't Mind.
See him hanging on behind
That big wagon passing by;
Hoy they fly!



Look! the wagon gives a bump,
And big boxes fall, thump, thump,
On poor Willie's curly head;
Is he dead?



Well, a doctor going by
Took poor Willie home to die;
And his parents cry and cry!
My! oh! my!

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Donald's Vacation.

"Donald! Donald! Donald!" Mrs.
Turner stood in the hall a moment, and
then, with a queer little smile on her
face, turned and went out on the side
veranda. A white-bearded, jolly-faced
old man looked up expectantly as she
came out. They talked a few minutes
in low tones.

"I expect you're right," the old man
said. "He probably needs the lesson."
The smile gone from his face, he took
up the lines and drove the fat white
horse out of the yard.

Mrs. Turner went back to her baking.

Upstairs in his bedroom Donald was
making a kite. It was the first day of
the Easter vacation, and he intended
to have it ready should he want to fly
it. He had just finished the frame
when he heard his mother's first call.

"She just wants me to bring in an
armful of wood," he said to himself.
"Sarah can do it just as well's not."

"Sides, I've got to keep it at if I ever
get it done. Shouldn't wonder if the
wind'd come up so's we fellows can fly
'em this afternoon," and he spread out
the stiff paper and prepared to cut it
out.

Donald had got into a bad habit of
not starting as soon as he was told to
do a thing, and sometimes of not an-
swering when called, but he was not
disturbed again.

An hour later he went downstairs af-
ter a drink of water.

"I am sorry you didn't hear me call,
Donald," said his mother. "Grandpa
was here, and wanted you to go out to
Uncle Charlie's with him to stay the
rest of the week. Uncle Charlie tapped
his sugar bush Saturday, and he
thought you would enjoy spending
your whole vacation out on the farm."

"O, mamma, why didn't you call—
and then he stopped. He remembered.
She had called. "I didn't s'pose you
wanted anything much," he wailed.
"Oh, oh, oh!"

That night Mamma Turner had a
long talk with him, but nevertheless it
was a very sorry faced little boy who
got up Tuesday morning.

Wednesday morning Mamma Turner
told him he must not let his mistake

spoil his whole week's vacation, and
finally he went off upstairs to finish the
kite. He had worked half an hour,
perhaps, when he heard his mother in
the hall below.

"Donald!" she cried.

Donald waited no second call. His
lesson had been bitter, and now he
started at once.

"What is it, mamma?" he asked

from over the banisters.

"Grandpa is here," said Mamma Turner.
"He had to come in for new buck-
ets, and he would like to know if you
care—" but Donald waited no longer.
He was downstairs and out on the
porch in a twinkling.

"Here, young man, get your rubber
boots and your old clothes," said grandpa,
laughing. "We want a hired man
about your size to help in the sugar
bush—that is, if his hearing is good,"
he added, his eyes twinkling; and
mamma assured him that Donald's had
improved since Monday.—Youth's Companion.

Mosquitoes Hear Sound.

Major Ronald Ross writes to the British
Medical Journal that he has recently
received a communication from Mr.
Brennan of the public works department,
Jamaica, containing the following
observation: "You will pardon me for
drawing your attention to the fact,
if you have not already noticed it, that
the mosquitoes (I do not know if every
variety) will respond to such sounds as
a continuous whoop or hum. I have
tried the experience lately, and find
swarms gather round my head when I
make a continuous whoop. There may be,
however, some particular note or
pitch that would be more attractive to
them."

Laughing Plants.

Have you ever heard of the laughing
plant? It gets its name from the in-
toxicating property of its seed. It grows
in Arabia, a bush of moderate size
with yellow flowers, each producing a
pod of black beans, which are ground
and the powder taken. Its effect is
that of "laughing gas," causing the
very soberest man to caper, laugh and
shout for nearly an hour until he is
thoroughly exhausted and falls asleep.
On awaking he seems to have no rec-
ollection of his previous antics. This
frivolous plant has not yet been classi-
fied by botanists.

LARGEST OF PEACH FARMS.

Located in Missouri, It Produces Thou-
sands of Bushels Annually.

To be convinced that "Peach King"
McNair deserves the title one need only
visit his great farm at St. Elmo, Mo.,
and take a look at the preparations that
have been made to handle the peach
crop. New buildings have been erected,
tents put up and packing sheds
built all over the vast orchards. At St.
Elmo, two miles below Koshkonong,
the headquarters of Mr. McNair have
been established. This is right in the
center of his immense orchard of 1,900
acres, all planted in peaches. To han-
dle the fruit Mr. McNair will need
about 800 hands, and he will pay 7
cents per hour for men and 6 cents an
hour for women, with their meals and
lodgings thrown in. Superintendents
and foremen will receive more pay.
About fifty expert packers will be im-
ported and they will see that the
peaches are properly packed.

A large tent around which numerous
small tents are pitched will be the
quarters for the women. A barbed wire
fence sixteen feet high, with the wires
only a few inches apart, has been erected
around the women's headquarters.
Mr. McNair certainly isn't going to al-
low any love-making around his camp.
The men will be quartered in the bar-
racks which were used last year and
which have been enlarged. Bunks
several tiers high have been put in the
barracks in order that the men can be
accommodated. A big tent with several
long tables placed inside will be used
as an eating-house. Every seat at each
table will be numbered, and the men
and women will each have a number,
so that they can find their respective
places at the tables. Thirty cooks will
provide the food necessary for this
large army of fruit handlers.

Exactly seventy-five double-decked
wagons have been provided for hauling
the fruit from the trees to the packing
house at St. Elmo. Ten thousand pick-
ing baskets are already at the farm,
together with material enough for 200
cars of peaches. Mr. McNair has
bought most all of the peach crop in
Koshkonong. He expects to ship from
ten to twenty cars of fruit each day
until the season is over.

Mrs. Turner went back to her baking.

Upstairs in his bedroom Donald was
making a kite. It was the first day of
the Easter vacation, and he intended
to have it ready should he want to fly
it. He had just finished the frame
when he heard his mother's first call.

"She just wants me to bring in an
armful of wood," he said to himself.
"Sarah can do it just as well's not."

"Sides, I've got to keep it at if I ever
get it done. Shouldn't wonder if the
wind'd come up so's we fellows can fly
'em this afternoon," and he spread out
the stiff paper and prepared to cut it
out.

"See here," said the deacon, grimly,
"if we're going to worship the Lord by
machinery, I don't want to putter
round with any second-rate running
gear!"—Youth's Companion.

Financial Plans.

Osmond—You always pay as you go,
don't you?

Desmond—No, indeed; I pay as other
people come after me.—Detroit Free
Press.

Never tell a man that he has made
a fool of himself. If he knows it he
will get angry—and he will get angry
also

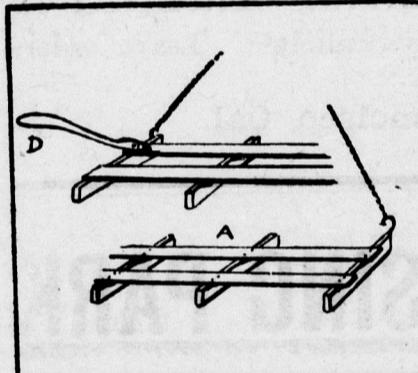
FARM AND GARDEN

Growing Sugar Beets.

The reports of the United States Department of Agriculture indicate that in the States of California, Colorado, Nebraska and Michigan the sugar beets can be grown of such quality that they can be used profitably for sugar-making, if they can be bought cheaply enough. This also is true of some sections of New York, and a few tests lead them to believe that they also can be grown in Utah, Idaho and Oregon, with a percentage of sugar high enough to warrant sugar being made from them. But several hundred samples tested from Iowa showed that the sugar content fell just short of the average standard fixed for successful manufacture. Of Illinois and Indiana beets the report says, "both the contents of sugar and coefficient of purity were below the standard." Of Kansas it is reported that "the climate is not suitable for growing high-grade beets." In Oklahoma the conditions are not called favorable, and the chemists report that, on the whole, Ohio is not adapted to growing sugar beets. The department tries to make as favorable report as possible for the new industry, but it has nothing to say about the profit or loss to the farmers, who cannot average fifteen tons to the acre, and must cart them or pay transportation to the factory at a price of \$4 per ton. In this State it would be hard to get a man to load them, carry them five miles and unload them for much less than that after they were grown and harvested.

A Corn Marker.

The cut, from the Ohio Farmer, shows a five-row corn marker. The runners are $1\frac{1}{2}$ or 2 feet long, six inches wide and two inches thick. They are placed



A FIVE-ROW CORN MARKER.

as far apart as you want your rows and two three-inch boards (A) nailed on top. D

The driver walks in the last mark previously made and holds the handle in one hand. There should be such a handle on each side of the marker. Use one horse and attach a rope or wire from each outside runner to the traces.

Corn Planting.

Many of the tests at experiment stations have shown better yields from planting moderately early, rather than very early; from planting a larger number of kernels per acre than most good farmers think advisable; from planting small growing varieties in rows closer together than is best for large varieties; from giving shallow and level cultivation rather than deep and ridged cultivation; from planting rather shallow early and deeper in late planting. Other trials have seemed to show that very frequent cultivation does not repay its cost; that it is important to cultivate as soon as may be after rains; that deep cultivation while the stalks are small may be helpful, if followed by shallow culture, says the agricultural column of the Hartford Times. It also adds that the farmer will be better satisfied if he tries some experiments of this kind himself, and tries them more than one season, that he may be sure that the change in method and not the season has changed results. With all of which we agree.

Using Improved Tools.

There is no more reason why a farmer should hope to work advantageously with half-worn or cumbersome tools than the mechanic, and yet few of them feel that they can afford the more modern tools. This is short-sighted economy, and particularly so in the case of the heavier implements, which save so much hard labor. One of the tools that should be on every farm where considerable manure is handled is the manure spreader. By the use of the manure spreader the heavy work of hand-spreading is not only avoided, but the spreader breaks up the manure and distributes it evenly and in such form that it benefits the soil equally wherever it falls. There are no heavy lumps here and there and scant supplies in other places, as with hand-spreading.

Water on the Farm.

Drinking water on farms is given but little consideration as to its purity when it is derived from springs, but many farms are supplied with water from open wells, and its purity in such cases depends largely upon the mode of protecting the well and the surroundings. Wells being deeper than ditches or drains, and the tendency of water being downward, much soluble matter gets into the well that is unknown to the farmer. The water may appear clear and pure, be free of odor, and yet contain impurities. Farmers who do not consider the matter have no conception of the many sources from which their drinking water is obtained. It comes from the clouds, of course, but it does not fall into the well, only reach-

ing it after passing through the surface soil and dissolving the impurities. Because the water passes through sand it is not filtered of the soluble matter. If salt is dissolved in water the salt is not removed by filtering, as the dissolved salt will go with the water to the lowest place. If the well is open there may be toads and insects in the water, which drown and decompose. The wells should be covered and the surroundings kept clean, with good drainage in all directions. Driven wells are better than those that are open, and should be used in preference.—Philadelphia Record.

Seeding with Clover.

When clover is sown early in the spring on the crop of wheat or other winter grain, it may cost nothing but the price of the seed, which is not much, whether ten or fifteen pounds is used to the acre, and the labor of sowing, yet we would prefer to increase its cost by going over the wheat with a light or smoothing harrow before sowing the clover seed, says the New England Farmer. This will benefit wheat or rye if done at the right time, when the ground is not wet enough to cause the harrow to sink too deep and uproot the plants. This makes a good seed bed for the clover, and in a day or two after the first rain the little plants will be sending their roots down into the soil.

Selecting Varieties.

If your strawberry market pays high prices for early fruit, large, highly colored and attractively packed, it would be foolish for one to raise mainly the mid-season sorts and market them unattractively. If potatoes bring good prices and cabbages are a drug, don't raise cabbages. If white eggs are wanted, don't keep fowls that lay brown eggs, and vice versa. On the other hand, if the best market is for the carcass, keep Plymouth Rocks for this trade and use the brown eggs at home if they cannot be sold for a fair price. In short, all along the line, raise what the market demands and do not try to educate the public to some article it does not want, simply because it seems the best article to you.

Renovated Butter.

Renovated butter is several degrees worse than oleomargarine, in our opinion, which is based on actual knowledge of the processes by which the two are made. We have said and repeat that between the two frauds we greatly prefer oleomargarine because it cannot possibly be made of more uncleanly materials than are used in making process butter, and very often is made in a cleanly manner from materials that, in themselves, are not unwholesome.

The extent to which renovated butter has influenced the markets of the country is not fully appreciated or there would have been a stronger demand for its regulation long before this.—Dairy and Creamery.

Hay and Corn Fodder.

Reports from the Western States now seem to indicate a larger acreage of corn planted this year, and possibly more of the meadows broken up and put in the corn crop, but as these will probably be those which yield the least hay, the increased use of the corn shredder may make hay more abundant in our market another winter, if the season is at all favorable. When all the corn-growing sections save and shred their fodder, or put it into silos, they can either keep more stock or sell more hay. As the market is now, the fodder would seem most profitable to stockers and feeders do not cost too much.—American Cultivator.

For Rolling Small Seed.

No garden is complete without a roller for hand use. Small seeds come up better if rolled after planting. A nail keg may be fitted with an axle from an old fence rod or piece of old shafting and attached to the handle of a push-cart, or the handle may be quickly made to order. Stones inside the keg will give needed weight.—Farm and Home.

Farm Notes.

Nothing cures a dog that kills sheep so quick as a shotgun.

Plenty of clover will go a long way toward making a farm profitable.

A cow that is well cared for is a source of comfort and profit to her owner.

Bee-keepers should develop a home market rather than send their products to a city market.

In these days of close competition every farmer must give the closest attention to every detail.

There is no longer any profit in making butter that cannot be classed among the best grades.

The man who owns ten or more cows and is without a separator is standing in his own light.

It's poor policy to compel animals to drink water that the farmer would not think of touching himself.

When in the natural state poultry live on seeds, grass and insects. Try to follow this as nearly as possible when feeding them.

Many a failure in the vegetable garden is caused by poor seed. Purchase whatever seed you may require from reliable dealers only.

The farmers who are successful are those who never lose sight of the fact that the farm is a home; that every thing done toward beautifying and improving the place is enhancing its value.

Plant a grape vine wherever a place can be found for one. Grapes can be had in abundance, and the vines take but little room if they are planted where they will not be in the way of anything else.

SOME ENTERTAINING TRICKS

GIVEN a bottle and a cork a size smaller than the bottle's neck, to blow the cork into the bottle. This problem appears so easy that we are all prepared to attempt the solution. But the result is rather unexpected, for the cork, instead of flying into the bottle, is driven out by the compression of air



whether he will be able to break the thread with an extending movement of his arms if the thread be passed over the middle joints of the fingers. Should he succeed, let him with the thread attach the ferule end of a walking-stick to something firm, and, holding the stick at arm's length by the handle, try to break the thread. The stick must not be pulled towards the body.

Yet a third test, this time with cotton, the place of the stick being taken by an ordinary luggage-label, which is to be held between the fingers (the thumb must not be used) and pulled. It is more likely that the label will slip from the fingers than that the cotton will give way.

Turning to a different class of experiments, we invite our readers to write on a blank circle of paper the figures exactly as they appear on a clock-face. The circle must not be turned round as the fingers are added, begin at twelve and work honestly round to it again. We have all consulted the clock hundreds of times, and we ought, from sheer familiarity, to be able to make short work of this puzzle; but our eyes are in some ways very blind, and before the circuit is complete we shall probably be in trouble.



To separate a lady's finger-tips requires the strength of a Hercules.

Put a coin on the edge of a table and, with one eye closed, walk quickly up to it and knock it off the table. You are more than likely to miss it altogether, because a single eye is a bad judge of distance. The difference of angle at which each eye sees an object gives us the idea of solidity and the power of guessing that object's position. Hence the solid effect of a stereoscopic picture taken simultaneously through two lenses as far apart as the human eyes.

Next procure a silk hat (a friend's is as good as any one else's), and see if anybody present can throw ten out of a pack of cards into it from a distance of eight feet. It is amusing to note how the cards fly straight for the hat, and in the last few inches twist aside and fall anywhere rather than within the brim. Like the bad sporting shot, you may have a better chance if you don't aim in the right direction.

After having tried to move your hands simultaneously different ways, go and stand tightly in the corner of a room. Then raise the outside leg, and,



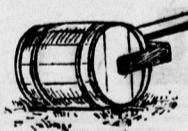
Try to remove a lady's hand from her head—it requires more than the average amount of strength.

der, and the fingers kept quite straight. Even a slight curvature gives sufficient power to break a much stronger thing than a match; but we place great faith in the wooden splinter to resist all efforts if the conditions be properly observed.

Paper is a tougher substance than would be inferred from the ease with which a sheet can be torn. But roll a sheet of note paper into a cylinder and exert your whole strength to pull it to pieces. Here the chances are very much against you.

Another edifying experiment is as follows: Two persons face each other. The one places his fists on top of one another and strives to keep them there while the other (by preference a lady) strikes them sharply with her forefingers, taking care that each finger is applied to the corresponding fist of her opponent. The fists fly apart as if by magic, because the muscles cannot act in two ways at once, and while exerting pressure upward and downward are at the mercy of a smart lateral blow, unless—and a man can safely risk the strain—the lower thumb be secretly inserted into the upper hand and held there firmly.

For Rolling Small Seed.



No garden is complete without a roller for hand use. Small seeds come up better if rolled after planting. A nail keg may be fitted with an axle from an old fence rod or piece of old shafting and attached to the handle of a push-cart, or the handle may be quickly made to order. Stones inside the keg will give needed weight.—Farm and Home.



Even Sandow would find it difficult to prevent his fists flying apart.

It is a venerable superstition that an egg cannot be broken between the hands. As the total number of those who have put this to the test is very problematical, there is a great chance for some one to make the experiment in full assembly, and prove to a skeptical world that the egg is the structural power of an egg. A fresh egg would, for obvious reasons, be the safest variety to try with. And there is really no reason why the most timid should not next summer take an egg out to sea when bathing and squeeze it under water, where there will be small danger to the wrist muscles are sensitive.

We can strongly recommend the following for the smoking room. Offer a wager that no one will cut a cigar-silks clean through with a sharp knife. Any one who takes you up impudently his money badly, for the knife ninety-nine times out of one hundred cuts all the strands but the last, which frays out uninjured by the blade and leaves you the winner.

We keep for our last afeat which, while apparently of the simplest, is a physical and scientific impossibility.

Take a cotton-reel and remove the la-

bels from the ends. Center a cent on one end and stick three pins into the woods so that the coin can easily fall forwards but not slip sideways. Then, holding the reel in the left hand, blow into the central hole. The harder you blow the tighter the cent sticks.—Archibald Williams in the Strand Magazine.

WHY HIS STOVE WOULDN'T HEAT

Uncle Billy Had a Novel Plan to Keep Down His Coal Bills.

That ignorance is bliss and that the loftiest men should be the humblest are two somewhat irrelevant axioms which often are most interesting when traced to their remote point of conjunction.

"Out in the cemetery the other day," a matter-of-fact elderly man remarked: "I noticed that Uncle Billy's tombstone had straightened up. A touch would do it, and as I pulled it into position I noticed help coming. Now I was not smiling at the crooked tombstone, but at an early recollection—an episode in connection with this same Uncle Billy.

"He was a fine man and a power in his community, but he had been frugally reared—all our first settlers had to make economy a science, you know; and even after Uncle Billy had grown wealthy in the wholesale dry-goods business, he still practiced the most rigid methods of saving, by which he had accumulated money. I was a clerk in a stove store, as we used to call them, when he was quite an elderly man. A bachelor he was and had a spinster sister, Aunt Sarah, for his housekeeper.

"Well, he bought a new stove from us, a fine library stove—no furnaces at that time in the ordinary homes in this city. In a day or two he dropped in to complain that the stove wouldn't work—didn't throw out enough heat to warm a cat. He was droll—Uncle Billy was—but he had a fine, courtly bearing, too.

The firm sent me out to his house to see what was the matter with that stove. At the door Aunt Sarah met me and said in a low tone: "William, if you will make your Uncle William take a peck of brickbats out of that stove I think it will hold coal enough to warm the room."

"Sure enough, the stove was half-full of brickbats. It was Uncle Billy's frugal idea that all stoves held too much coal for their own good, and that he could cut down his coal bills by a deep layer of brickbats in the bed of the stove. I took them all out, of course; he blinked painfully as I did so. Then I made a rousing fire and Aunt Sarah soon had to open a window to cool the room."

"Another nephew inherited the bulk of Uncle Billy's wealth," said the matter-of-fact man, according to the Detroit Free Press. "I see his name now and then in Boston's most fashionable social register and hear of his elegant seaside cottage life and I wonder—yes, I do wonder how he would feel if he knew of Uncle Billy's scheme to save money for him by burning brickbats."

PRAISE FOR TEAMSTERS.

Theirs Is a Hard and Disagreeable Work.

"Talk about hard work and patience," said a bookkeeper who ought to have been a preacher, "you ought to sit where I do all day long and notice what goes on outside of warm, comfortable offices. Every time I look up from my books a teamster is going by on the street; and let me tell you, gentlemen, there is no class of men in the business world who are more exposed to the weather and bear their hardships with more patience."

"Day in and day out I've watched them—all kinds, from the boy who drives a grocery wagon to the coachman on the box. Yes, he's a teamster, too, and I repeat what was just said—they can teach patience to the rest of us. With heavy loads, weary or obstreperous horses, rough or slippery roads or street pavements, nine out of ten are the men for the occasion, and pull through their day's work with fidelity to duty and credit to themselves."

"All winter I've watched a steady stream of teamsters hauling cross-ties over to some railroad yards. The loads have been heavy, and the men have had to go slow—slow enough to freeze on their wagon seats, one might think. In most cases the sturdy horses have not been driven out of a walk, and I've marvelled at the endurance and patience of the drivers."

"No out-of-door job is an easy one in Northern winters," concluded the bookkeeper, according to the Detroit Free Press, "and riding for hours on a heavy, springless wagon, going forward at almost a snail's pace, must test the mettle thoroughly."

Snuff-Taking in America.

It has been a widespread impression that snuff-taking had been almost abandoned in this country, or that the number of men and women who still adhere to this old-time habit was absurdly small. Yet the chief snuff company of America, in its annual report, showed net earnings of more than \$1,000,000. The great persons of the earth do not now exchange gifts of gold snuff boxes studded with diamonds, as they did when the First Napoleon was the autocrat of Europe, but the use of tobacco in every imaginable form of indulgence still knows no bounds.—New York Tribune.

In Memory of Dr. Johnson.

Dr. Johnson's long association with the Strand, London, is to be commemorated by placing a beautiful stained glass window in St. Clement Dane's Chapel.

Young man, if in doubt as to the propriety of kissing a pretty girl, give her the benefit of the doubt.

Mind your own business—unless you are able to employ a private secretary.



One touch of humor makes the whole world chin.—The Schoolmaster.

"What do you do to cure your boy when he has bad cold?" "I tell him he can't go skating unless he stops coughing."

Teacher—Can anyone tell any remarkable fact about George Washington? Tommy—He was never caught in a lie.—Life.

Wife—Oh, doctor, Benjamin seems to be wandering in his mind. Doctor (who knows Benjamin)—Don't trouble about that; he can't go far.

A Choice. "I wonder what Patrick Henry would say if he lived in Cuba to-day." "Oh, 'Give me Liberty or give me Annexation!'"—Ex.

"Do you believe in love at first sight, Chris?" "Sure. If more men took a closer look they wouldn't fall in love."

THE ENTERPRISE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop.

Entered at the Postoffice at South San Fran
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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year, in advance \$1.50
Six Months, 1.00
Three Months, 50

Advertising rates furnished on application.

OFFICE—Postoffice Building, Cor. Grand
and Linden Avenues,
SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
BRANCH OFFICE, 202 Sansome St., San
Francisco, Room 4, third floor.

SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1902.

Embower your homes in trees, shade and ornamental. They will afford hiding and nesting places for the birds. Shield your grounds from the withering trade winds and add to the beauty, comfort and value of your dwelling place.

After some further discussion Debenedetti moved that action on the ordinance be postponed indefinitely and this was seconded by Eikenkotter and the motion was unanimously carried.

The resignation of R. J. Carroll as poundmaster of the First township was read and accepted. On motion of Eikenkotter A. G. Bissett was appointed to fill the vacancy.

On motion of Coleman the matter of erecting a flagpole in front of the courthouse was referred to the building committee.

The application of Dr. McLean to be appointed county veterinarian was laid over for two weeks.

At the suggestion of the chairman the Hyde Construction claim and the claim of the town of Redwood City were deferred until next meeting.

The Woodmen of the World petitioned the Board for an appropriation to entertain the Convention of Woodmen that will meet in Redwood City June 19th. District Attorney Bullock thought that \$150 would be a proper sum to appropriate. On motion the Supervisors contributed that sum.

Plans and estimates for a new road in the Canyonada in the Third township were adopted and bids will be received on May 22. The engineer estimates the cost of the work at \$866.

Supervisor Coleman reported that the Sunset Telephone Company agreed to construct a line from the Spanishtown road to the poor farm, and to allow free switching for county officers on public business. The service is to be free of all charges to the county. The offer was accepted with thanks.

HEALTH OFFICER'S REPORT.

To the Honorable Board of Supervisors—Gentlemen: The public health of the county is excellent. In fact, it has never been better. The people of San Francisco are beginning to appreciate the healthfulness of our climate, as evidenced by the many inquiries for homes along the peninsula. And we are pleased to see the efforts now being made by your honorable body to advertise this fact to the outside world.

During the past week I have made several visits to Colma in my official capacity as health officer for the purpose of quarantining against diphtheria, which was almost epidemic in that town. Besides other measures employed, I considered it necessary to close the public school indefinitely. In all that was done I had the aid of the local physician, Dr. Beattie, and the hearty co-operation of the citizens of the town, who were fully aroused to the gravity of the situation. The progress of the disease is apparently checked, as no new cases have occurred in the past three days. Among those afflicted one case proved fatal.

In South Francisco, on the outskirts of the town, is a densely populated little community where all sewers empty out on the street and where contagion is usually present in some form as a result of their indiscretions. I am now taking measures to compel them to connect with the sewer which has recently been placed there by the land company and hope to be able to inform you in my next report that the evil has been remedied. Respectfully,

W. M. BARRET, Health Officer.

Andrew Melrose, an aged citizen of San Gregorio, petitioned the Board for aid, representing that he was in feeble health and unable to earn a living. On motion of McCormick, seconded by Debenedetti, the applicant was granted \$8 per month.

The following liquor dealers who had previously filed their applications were granted license:

Geo. M. Collopy, Colma; bondsmen, Albert Witt and J. C. Witt, V. Pauline, South San Francisco; bondsmen, L. Poessener and Claus Hadler.

F. Simons, Colma; bondsmen, P. F. Canavan and M. H. Thompson.

A. Morgan, Colma; bondsmen, Albert Witt and Thomas Harrison.

H. Kurz, Colma; bondsmen, B. S. Green and M. Whelan.

Peter Foley, Colma; bondsmen, C. D. Hayward and J. F. Johnston.

Joseph Debenedetti, Half Moon Bay; bondsmen, W. J. Martin and C. D. Hayward.

The following dealers gave notice of intention to apply for license a month hence:

H. J. Vanderbos, South San Francisco; P. H. Bartels, Colma; George Gonzenes, Millbrae; Richard Harder, South San Francisco.

The following claims were allowed:

FIRST ROAD FUND.

John F Bauer	101.50
W. R. Rehberg	4.00
A. M. Gilbert	35.00
B. S. Greene	7.00
M. Gould	25.50
J. Lynch	15.00
T. Casteron	10.00
J. Martin	6.00
M. Corbett	77.00
J. S. Wood	71.00
Gus Eman	39.00
John Ryan	8.00
E. C. Quinn	20.00
Peter Gillogley	11.00
Robert O'Reilly	24.00
M. Beranek	38.00
C. O'Reilly	33.00
Fran O'Reilly	28.00
Mrs. James Kerr	27.00
E. Hickey	55.00
Charles Greis	6.00
E. Valencia	30.00
M. T. Beau	32.00
M. Hartzel	34.00
Charles Barba	32.00
C. Smith	64.00
John Mangini	65.00
Mary Quinn	

George Furrer	101.50
A. A. Parkinson	4.00
John Quan	31.00
Frank Sweeney	7.00
John F. Bauer	18.00
John O'Connor	18.00
T. Garcia	20.00
M. McMillan	15.00
M. Gularie	12.00
G. Bloomquist	38.00

Adjourned.

Press dispatches received last week indicated that the Southern Pacific had applied to the Transcontinental Passenger Association for authority to put in Colonist rates from the East to California.

The proposition did not prove acceptable to all lines, but in view of the immense benefit which must accrue to California from so great an influx of tourists, homesekers, health seekers and investors, the Southern Pacific took the bill by the horns and arranged with its connections to take independent action and the rate of \$25 from Omaha, Kansas City and other Missouri River points will go into effect on March 1st for sixty days. The rate from Chicago will be \$35, from St. Louis and New Orleans \$30.

This action on the part of the Southern Pacific will help all sections of California, and the opportunity ought to be seized by every member of the community to bring the advantages and attractions of our State prominently before the visitors.

FOR SALE.

Good improved business lot. Pays good interest on price asked. Inquire of E. E. Cunningham.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.

An equable and healthful climate. The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway, only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workmen may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Reward!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

TO LET.

New house, modern improvements, two flats. Lower floor flat, \$10; upper flat, \$12 per month. Inquire at Post office.

FOR SALE.

Lot 50x140, with cottage of four rooms, bath, basement, laundry, etc. For price and terms apply to Mrs. H. M. Hawkins.

FATE WOULDN'T SUPPLY FUNDS.

A woman left her husband a short time ago, giving as a reason for it that she had consulted an astrologer and been told by him that it was her destiny to be a great woman, but that in marrying she had committed a serious error. As long as she remained with her husband she would fail to achieve the greatness fate intended for her. She stayed away from home only four weeks, however.

"I see you doubt the astrologer's interpretation of your destiny," said her sister.

"Not in the least," replied the woman, "but neither the astrologer or fate provided the money, and as I had to give up money or fame I chose to sacrifice the latter."—New York Press.

THE LOVE OF NATURE.

A real love of nature is one of the most valuable possessions which you can have, since it will continue to afford you happiness as long as you live. But in order to have this love you must get it while you are young—while you still have leisure to give it first place in your thoughts. Nature must be your first sweetheart or she will not be your sweetheart at all.—Woman's Home Companion.

DIDN'T RECKON FOREIGNERS.

It was a little boy in an American Sunday school who in reply to his teacher's question, "Who was the first man?" answered, "George Washington," and upon being informed that it was Adam he exclaimed, "Ah, well, if you are speaking of foreigners, perhaps he was!"—Stray Stories.

WHAT A WIDOW IS.

It was a Sunday school class, and the teacher believed in asking questions to see how clearly the scholars understood their lessons. The widow of Ham was the subject, and the teacher thought she would be quickly answered when she asked, "What is a widow?" There was a silence until she nodded to the small boy at her left and said, "You know what a widow is, don't you?" for she knew the boy's mother was one.

"Yes, I know," he answered; "it's a lady what takes in washing."

Lack of Tact.

There are many very good people, people of irreproachable character, who are never liked because of their want of tact. They are hospitable and like to entertain, but they ask known enemies to a little family dinner. They expose all their little household economies to their guests. They never "spoil a story for relation's sake." If guests are of different religions or politics, they introduce the subjects and give most decided views which do not convince and only irritate. A lady is told that her hat is unbecoming or a man that he made a bad speech. They never have any appreciation of the fitness of things.

Tact is of great importance if one would be agreeable or retain friends. A man without tact can never exert a strong influence. He can never become a great leader. Tact is needed in every calling in life.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Long Island Peculiarities.

The class in geography in one of the Brooklyn schools was being examined the other day when the teacher asked:

"What are some of the natural peculiarities of Long Island?"

The pupils indulged in some heavy thinking, but none responded. Suddenly a fat boy with a red face who had been shifting uneasily about in his seat received an inspiration.

"I know," he exclaimed, raising his hand.

"Well, what are they?" encouraged the teacher.

"Why," said the fat boy, with a triumphant look around, "on the south side you see the sea and on the north side you hear the sound."

He was moved up to the head of the class on general principles.—New York Times.

No Place For Kings.

An American battleship once had a visit from the king of Italy. The gorgeous apparel of the king and his suit, splendid in gold lace and decorations, filled the sailors with awe. During the inspection one of the magnificent members of the suit stepped backward and disappeared. No one missed him, and there were no witnesses to his misadventure save a weather beaten tar, who leaned against the rail with a grin of huge enjoyment on his face. At last he went up to the officer of the deck and said, as he jerked his thumb over his shoulder, "One of them kings fell down the hatch, sir."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Unnecessary Suffering.

How much wretchedness and misery there is in the world! Do you add to it or do you try to help those with whom you come in contact? Every time you speak, every time you act, you add to some one's happiness or misery. On which side do you throw your influence? Your opportunities may not be great, but do you ever cause unnecessary suffering in a world wretched enough at best? It is worth thinking about. Do you say cruel things when you might say things that would be kind? If you have the habit, doesn't it sometimes occur to you that you should quit it? The writer of this has been thoughtless many times, but as he grows older he tries very hard to avoid giving unnecessary pain.—Atchison Globe.

Sad Reflection.

It happens quite frequently that the self made man has a son who is simply tailor made.—Puck.

Man was made to mourn, but probably it was never intended that he should spend so much of his time at it.

UNION COURSING PARK

A Literary Tea Top.

There have been many literary tea topers, but William Hazlitt, the writer and critic, probably surpassed every other author in the singularity and strength of his potations. Rising usually at 1 or 2 o'clock in the day, he would sit over his breakfast of exceedingly strong black tea and a toasted French roll—if he had no work hand—for hours, silent, motionless and self absorbed as a Turk.

It was the only stimulant or luxury he ever took, and he was very fastidious about its quality, using always the most expensive kind and consuming, when he lived alone, about a pound a week. He always made the tea himself, half filling the teapot with tea, pouring boiling water on it and then almost immediately pouring it out and mingling with it a great quantity of sugar and cream.

Such a beverage must have been delicious. Indeed, Douglas Jerrold says,

"there was fascination in it," but as a daily stimulant it must have been most deleterious, and as the essayist died after several severe attacks from a disease of the digestive organs it probably caused his death.—Beverages.

The Eyes of a Bee.

Every bee has two kinds of eyes—the two large compound ones, looking like spectacles on either side, and the three simple ones which crown the top of his head. Each compound eye is composed of 3,500 facets—that is to say, an object is reflected 3,500 times on its surface. Every one of these facets is the base of an inverted hexagonal pyramid, whose apex is fitted to the head. Each pyramid may be termed an eye, for each has its own iris and optic nerve.

How these insects manage this marvelous number of eyes is not yet

known. They are immovable, but mobility is unnecessary because of the range of vision afforded by the position and the number of facets. They have no lids, but are protected from dust and injury by rows of hairs growing along the lines at the junctions of the facets. The simple eyes are supposed to have been given the bee to enable it to see above its head when intent upon gathering honey from the cups of flowers. Probably this may be one reason, but it is likely there are other uses for them not yet ascertained.—Pearson's Weekly.

PRAISE OF WORK WELL DONE.

Perhaps there is nothing else so productive of cheerful, helpful service as the expression of approval or praise of work well done

TOWN NEWS

Everybody is busy.

Good time to buy a lot.

Little sickness in town.

Ike Abrams went to Gilroy Springs on Tuesday.

This is the month of roses here in our little California town.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Hurley paid our town a visit Wednesday.

If you want either to sell or buy a lot call on E. E. Cunningham.

Don't forget the church social at Armour Pavilion this evening.

Zell Rollins has begun work on the Burchard cottage on Miller avenue.

There is an advertised letter in the San Mateo postoffice for Miss Nellie Collins.

Mell Cohen has made arrangements for the agency for the sale of the Columbia Graphophone for this town.

Supervisor Debenedetti came up from Halfmoon Bay Monday and spent the week here visiting his son.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Post office building.

Henry Sahut, the new bakery proprietor, has rented Flat 11 in the Hansbrough Block for his family residence.

The Healy cottage on Linden avenue is about completed. When finished the cottage will be occupied by Charley Duer.

M. F. Healy has taken a contract to put up a building for H. Gaerdes on Cypress avenue, between Grand and Baden avenues.

W. E. Barber has returned from his vacation much improved in health and resumed his old post at the S. P. Station on Monday.

In the case of C. W. Reed of San Francisco vs. Matthew Callan of Colma in the Superior Court of this county, judgment was rendered for Callan.

The ladies of the Catholic church are busy preparing for the entertainment they will give in aid of the Catholic church building fund on May 31st.

Mrs. W. J. Miller of San Jose, aunt of Mrs. W. J. Martin, with Mr. and Mrs. Stanton of Lafayette, Ind., were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Martin on Wednesday.

The ladies of Grace Mission will hold a church social at Armour Pavilion at 8 o'clock p. m. this evening, May 10th. Admission only 10 cents. Every one in town is invited.

Buckman & Co. are pushing work on the oil tank reservoir site. The heavy doby at the surface has impeded progress somewhat, but the ploughs and scrapers are about through the doby.

Mr. Otto Lawrence of Topeka, Kansas, arrived on Monday and is at present visiting his father's old friend, Mr. J. L. Wood of this place. Mr. Lawrence likes California and will locate here in case he finds employment.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

Richard Wallace of Chicago, a brother of John, George and James Wallace, arrived on Monday. The Wallace brothers reside here now number four and George says there are others to come. The more the better for our growing town.

Rev. Father Cooper met the Catholic ladies of our town on Monday at Butchers' Hall, at which meeting arrangements were perfected for an entertainment to be held on May 31st for the benefit of the Catholic church building fund.

The following deeds were filed for record the past week:

G. W. Bennett et al to Victoria Pouliane, lot 17 in block 140, South San Francisco.

South San Francisco Land and Imp. Co. to M. Massinimo, the easterly half of lot 5 in block 122 in South San Francisco.

The sale of Henry Michenfelder's German Bakery to Henry Sahut was consummated the last week by bill of sale from Michenfelder to Sahut conveying the bakery business, the implements of trade and three wagons and four horses. Mr. Sahut has also a five-year lease of the bakery realty and a dwelling house to be erected on the adjoining lot.

On Wednesday Dan Sullivan's famous paper route horse ran away down Grand avenue and away out Swift avenue to the packing house. The old horse evidently thought Dan had an "extra" to distribute. Following close upon the flying heels of Dan's steed Senator Healy's sure delivery mare got cranky and took a little spin on our big thoroughfare.

Mr. A. G. Bissett was, at the meeting of the Board of Supervisors held last Monday, appointed poundkeeper in place of R. J. Carroll, resigned. We trust Mr. Bissett will do his duty and that means to enforce the law without fear or favor. It is his duty to impound any and all stock found running at large. There should be no exceptions made. If Mr. Bissett will do this and keep on doing it every day he will be supported by the public and the law as well.

Own your own home. Stop paying rent. A magnificent five-room cottage, with bath, free from dampness; high, modern and sunny; sideboard; on most desirable part of Grand avenue. Inquire at Postoffice. Your own terms.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

Notwithstanding the numerous heavy rains and the large volume of travel, our San Bruno road is once more in a fair state of preservation, for which all feel thankful.

The apron of the old San Bruno quarry wharf is no more and will be remembered as a thing of the past. The week following April 20th was a disastrous week for the old wharf. Twenty men under the charge of R. J. Wilson, the superintendent of the quarry, made havoc with the old timbers and irons of the old apron and wharf and in less than a week every thing about the place looked like a small stack of dimes. C. A. Warren had not only the destruction of the old wharf in mind, but also the intention of building a new one, which was immediately begun and is now in process of construction.

R. J. Buchanan, Emmet Newton and Tom Dunn have in the past four months built nine thousand feet of fence, dividing the Crocker and Hopkins estates, and they still have between three or four miles of dividing fence to build on the Crocker estate, besides several miles already finished. The Gaudaloupe Dairy occupies the Crocker estate fields and is one of the largest dairies in the State.

Smith, the King of the San Bruno quarry wharf, has been elevated to the position of foreman. He will hereafter be found at China Basin unloading the barges loaded with rock. Success to the King.

Ben Mozzetti has moved all his cows from San Francisco to his brother's place on the San Bruno road in San Mateo county.

C. K. Tuttle of Pacific Grove fame, was arrested August 7, 1901, for selling a hair brush on Sunday. At that time Mr. Tuttle was a member of the City Council and was one of the prime movers of the Sunday closing ordinance and was the first one to be arrested for violating said ordinance. But it is not necessarily essential that history should repeat itself, and be the cause of Supervisor McEvoy being arrested in the future for selling or buying pools.

On Sunday, May 4th, an epidemic broke out among the men working at the rock quarry which almost paralyzed all branches of the concern. Some attribute the cause of the sickness to the new cheese, which was not sent from Warren's private locker, some think it was from poisonous canned tomatoes, others think the dishwasher placed a bar of soap in the coffee pot and "'Brien Barne" thinks that a poisoned rat got into the milligan can and was dished up as Irish stew to the terriers. Whatever the cause may have been it struck from the lowest to the highest.

And the sequence that a Mulligan will fatten an Irishman and kill a Mexican could not manifest itself more strongly than the fact that Louis the strawboss in the small quarry, reached only the five mile house, where he was stricken down, though he has still a favorable chance of recovering.

Those who think the cheese at fault consider it their misfortune at not having the "Dutch comedian" there to fill up on the cheese; they feel satisfied had he been there that they would have seen his finish, as nothing less than three pounds of cheese would have done him.

The San Bruno road has had a great many repairs, but the judgment of placing the rock has been lacking since Darby Sweeney was turned down for some unsophisticated non-voter.

Robert Vickers has been on the sick list the past ten days and fortunately escaped the cheese.

Bobby Powers has forsaken "Old Nellie," and is now working at the glue works. The place seems to have an attraction for Bobby, as he sticks to it nicely.

SCHOOL NOTES.

A school musical is being prepared by Mr. Painton for the evening of May 23d. The pupils will sing a number of choruses, and they will be assisted by local and outside talent. A good program is assured, for many talented friends of the school have consented to assist. The proceeds will be used to purchase a new flag, pictures to add to the attractiveness of our school, and for material for the children's games. Armour Pavilion, May 23d; admission, 25 cents.

Mrs. R. B. Painton, who has been visiting relatives in San Jose and the Santa Cruz mountains, returned home Wednesday.

HURT BY A LOCOMOTIVE.

Henry McEvoy, eldest son of Supervisor McEvoy, was severely injured at San Luis Obispo last Saturday. He was engaged in cleaning the engine, not knowing that McEvoy was there. The cries of the firemen caused the engineer to stop the locomotive at once, but not before Henry was badly crushed. Next day he was taken to the railroad hospital in San Francisco. Thursday evening he was to be taken to his home in Menlo Park, and has since so rapidly improved that he will resume his duties next week. —Times, San Mateo.

THREE GANGS ON THE ELECTRIC ROAD.

Since our last issue two additional gangs of men and teams have been added to the force at present constructing the electric road from San Francisco to San Mateo—one at Burlingame, working north, and another at Holy Cross, coming south. The third force, at work on Griffith street, expect to complete the track on that thoroughfare within two weeks. It is stated that during the coming ten days other forces will be put to work at various points between San Mateo and the cemeteries as fast as the men and teams can be engaged. —Leader, San Mateo.

ROUND-TRIP HOMEESEEKER'S RATES.

To accommodate those who have never seen California, and who may wish to look over the ground before finally deciding to move West, the Southern Pacific, through its Passenger Traffic Manager, Mr. E. O. McGeer, has applied to the Trans-continental Passenger Association for permission to put in very low second-class round-trip rates to California similar to the homeseekers' rates which were made last year, and which brought thousands of settlers to this State. Tickets will be on sale at the low rates twice a month, first and third Tuesdays, during March, April

and May. The Southern Pacific is deserving of much credit for this action, which cannot fail to be beneficial to California.

CHURCH SOCIAL.

It is to be hoped that the good people of our town will respond to the efforts of the ladies to get a fund for Grace Mission and the only Sunday School in town. The entertainment tonight will be well worth the 10 cents charged for admission. Mr. Painton will sing, with Miss Bacher at the piano. Miss Bacher will render both vocal and instrumental music. There will be singing and recitation by Miss Larson of San Francisco, a flute and song and piano trio, with Mr. Werner and Mrs. Snyder, accompanied by Mrs. Plymire; duet by Mrs. Plymire and Mrs. McIvane. Dancing, candy and fancy work, not to mention the never ending sport of the fish pond and grab-bag, ice cream and cake, home made. All will be welcome; 10 cents. Children with guardians free. The ladies will do their best. The success lies with the people.

DEATH OF FRANK SANCHEZ.

The sudden death of Frank Sanchez at his home near Millbrae on Saturday morning, May 3d, came as a shock to this entire community. For the past ten years Frank Sanchez has been a familiar figure in this place, coming every day and calling at every door with his butcher's wagon. He became well known to every citizen and as well liked as he was known. On Friday of last week he made his usual round among his customers here and seemed in excellent spirits. After returning to his home in the evening he became ill and about midnight, as his condition became worse, a doctor was sent for, but before the physician reached him he expired. His trouble was heart failure. Frank Sanchez was a native of this county and at the time of his death aged 46 years. The funeral took place on Monday, interment at Holy Cross Cemetery.

MILLBRAE NOTES.

Prospective voters should call on John Conover and get registered.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Dunphy are back from their Eastern trip.

Judge Treadwell of San Francisco attended the Sanchez obsequies Monday.

Contractor Meyers is erecting a cottage at the Pacific Nursery for F. Luedemann.

Miss Mabel Bert and Miss Heydine are down from the city and are guests at Hotel Millbrae.

Chamorita parties are already being formed, and from present indications our burch will be well nigh deserted on the 18th.

A baseball club is being organized by our young men with a view of taking the championship from Redwood's worthy athletes.

Work on the new double track between here and Burlingame is being hurried to a completion and trains will be running over it by June 1st. —San Mateo Leader.

HALF MOON BAY NOTES.

[From Advocate-Pennant.]

Ben Gonzales has gone to South San Francisco, where he has secured a position in a blacksmith shop.

The High Gravity Oil Co. is now down over 700 feet and the formations are the most flattering ever encountered in the local field. The hole is as dry as a bone.

The Pilarcitos Oil Co. has just received a large steam pump to be used in the work of putting down the oil wells on the Madonna place.

The San Mateo County Oil Co. operating near San Gregorio, has stopped work at 365 feet, but will soon let a new contract to sink the well 2000 feet if necessary.

W. J. Savage, head pedagogue of the Colma public school system, is here for a few days. He informs us that the schools of the famous vegetable burg have been closed for a couple of weeks on account of an epidemic of diphtheria.

DELIGHTED WITH THIS SECTION.

E. H. Harriman, President of the Southern Pacific, and family are perfectly delighted with Burlingame and vicinity. To an intimate friend Mr. Harriman imparted the information a few days ago that he may conclude to build a home at Burlingame next year. —Leader, San Mateo.

FIRE TAX ELECTION NOTICE.

Whereas, under and pursuant to an Act of the Legislature of the State of California, approved March 6, 1890, entitled "An Act to amend an Act to allow unincorporated towns and villages to equip and maintain a fire department, and to assess and collect taxes from time to time for such purpose, and to create a Board of Commissioners," (approved March 4, 1881, Stats., 1881, 26), relating to assessing and collecting said taxes," the Board of Supervisors of the County of San Mateo, the State of California did, upon a proper petition of more than fifty taxpayers and residents of the unincorporated village of South San Francisco, in said County of San Mateo, appoint W. J. Martin, D. O. Daggett and Wm. Rehberg as a Board of Fire Commissioners of the village of South San Francisco, of the County of San Mateo, State of California, to hold office until the second Monday in April, 1902, and until their successors were elected and qualified; and

Whereas, said Board of Fire Commissioners did fix and establish the fire limits for said village of South San Francisco, and accurately describe the same, in writing, by metes and bounds, as hereinbefore set forth:

Whereas, at an election held on the first Monday in April, 1902, D. O. Daggett, Herman Gaerdes and Thomas Mason were duly elected members of said Board of Fire Commissioners, and ever since said second Monday in April, 1902, said D. O. Daggett, Herman Gaerdes and Thomas Mason have been, and they now are, the duly elected, qualified and acting members of the Board of Fire Commissioners of the village of South

San Francisco of the County of San Mateo, State of California;

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of said Board of Fire Commissioners last named said last named Board did fix and establish, and accurately describe, in writing, by metes and bounds, the fire limits of said village of South San Francisco, as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a point where the westerly line of Division street intersects the southerly line of Commercial avenue, thence westerly along said southerly line of Commercial avenue to its intersection with the westerly line of Linden avenue, thence southerly along said westerly line of Linden avenue to its intersection with the northerly line of Railroad avenue, thence westerly along said northerly line of Railroad avenue to its intersection with the easterly line of Magnolia avenue, thence northerly along said easterly line of Magnolia avenue to its intersection with the southerly line of Miller avenue, thence easterly along said southerly line of Miller avenue to its intersection with the easterly side of Maple avenue, thence northerly along said easterly line of Maple avenue to its intersection with the southerly line of Armour avenue, thence easterly along said southerly line of Armour avenue to its intersection with the westerly line of Division street, thence in a southerly direction along said westerly line of Division street to the place of beginning, all as shown in Plat No. 1 of South San Francisco, San Mateo County, recorded in Liber 2 of Maps, at page 52, March 1st, A. D. 1892, San Mateo County Records, and also Plat No. 2, subdivision of Blocks 98, 99, 119 and 122, South San Francisco, California, recorded November 10, 1900, in Map Book 3, page 4, San Mateo County Records; and that said Board did thereafter file a copy, subscribed by them, of said fire limits so fixed, established and described, in the office of the County Recorder of the County of San Mateo, State of California;

Notice is hereby given to the electors residing within the fire limits above described that in accordance with the provisions of said Act of the Legislature of the State of California, approved March 6, 1890, an election will be held on the 21st day of May, A. D. 1902, at the courthouse of the First Township of the County of San Mateo, State of California, in said South San Francisco, San Mateo County, at which time will be submitted to said electors the question whether a tax shall be levied and raised for the purpose of establishing and maintaining a fire department for the said village of South San Francisco, of the County of San Mateo, State of California, and for protecting the same from loss by fire, and whether a tax shall be levied upon property within said fire limits and collected, sufficient to raise the sum of Six Hundred (\$600) Dollars with which to purchase hose, and an additional sum of Two Hundred (\$200) Dollars with which to house said department.

The polls will be opened and the election held at said courthouse of the First Township of the County of San Mateo, State of California, on said 21st day of May, A. D. 1902, and the polls will be open from 8 o'clock a. m. until 5 o'clock p. m. of said day.

F. Miner, J. L. Wood and M. J. Hawes will act as judges of said election, and H. J. Vandenberg and C. T. Connolly will act as clerks of said election.

That at such election the ballots contain the words: "Tax—yes," or "Tax—no."

That the amount of money to be raised is \$600 for the purchase of hose, and \$200 for housing said hose; said election will be held as provided by law and as nearly as practicable in conformity with the general election law.

Board of Fire Commissioners of the village of South San Francisco, of the County of San Mateo, State of California.

D. O. DAGGETT,

THOMAS MASON.

Members of and constituting the Board of Fire Commissioners of the village of South San Francisco, of the County of San Mateo, State of California.

W. J. MASON.

Dated, May 6th, A. D. 1902.

THE OLD HOUSE.

It stands in a desolate, weed-grown garden, Where once the rose and the lilac grew, And the lily lifted a waxy chalice To catch the wine of the summer's dew. The grass creeps in o'er the mossy threshold, The dust lies deep on the rotting floor, And the wind, at its will, is coming, going, Through broken window and open door. Oh, poor old house, do you grieve as men do, For the vanished things that were yours of yore? Like a heart in which love was one time tenant, But has gone away to come back no more. Do you dream of the dead as the days pass over, Of the pang of parting and joy of birth In hearts turned dust? Ah, that dust is scattered By winds of a lifetime to ends of earth!

See! Here by the path is a little blossom. It lifts to the sunshine a fragile face. It springs from a root that some dead hand planted. A century back in the dear home place, Little thought they whom the old house sheltered That life would fade as the leaves that fall; They had their day and are all forgotten. The little flower has outlived them all! —Milwaukee Sentinel.

A SACRIFICE.

THE young man stood with his back to the fire and his hands thrust into his trouser pockets. Mrs. Langley sat on the lounge sobbing hysterically. Her husband, Colonel Langley, strode up and down the room, angrily displacing various chairs and tables, while the boy's cousin, for he was not much more than a boy in years, tried to pacify the trio.

"All right, sir; go your own way; go your own way and be —" The last word was lost as the door slammed behind the irate Colonel.

"O, Ted! How can you be so foolish?" said Mrs. Langley, brokenly. "How can you dream of marrying a vulgar, uneducated dancer?"

"Mother," replied the boy, sternly. "I love Madge Baptiste, and whether she be a dancer or a duchess, a millionairess or a retired shopkeeper's daughter, it can matter to no one but myself if I really love her."

The mother recommended her hysterical cries. The cousin, a fair, pretty girl about his own age, went to him and rested her hand on his shoulder. "Teddy, say no more now, but come with me. Let us think the matter over calmly."

The next evening Gwendoline stole quietly from the house and drove to the theater where Madge Baptiste danced nightly.

It was dusk when she arrived. She sent up her card, telling the commis- sionnaire that her business was urgent. He returned with the information that Miss Baptiste would see Miss Harper for a few minutes. Then she found herself in a small and dainty dressing-room. Clouds of soft, silken petticoats lay here and there. A large jar of flowers stood on the mantelpiece, and the dressing table was covered with silver powder boxes, scent bottles, and "make-up" utensils. Photographs of actors, painters, and poets stood in every available corner; old programs in wooden frames and one or two etchings hung on the walls.

Before a large mirror stood Miss Madge Baptiste arranging her hair.

"Ah, come in, Miss Harper. Excuse the untidy state of the room. I think you'll find a chair. Let me see, I don't think I have met you before — perhaps you are a journalist, or —"

"No, I haven't ever met you before," stammered Gwendoline. "I came — I think you know my cousin, Mr. Langley." She felt her face growing red. She did not know why she blushed, but this vivacious, beautiful girl frightened her. She had expected to find such a different woman — a vulgar, ill-bred woman.

"Mr. Langley? Teddy! O, yes, I know him well. So you are his cousin? Please to meet you — he is not ill, I hope?"

"No, he is not ill."

"O, that's all right. Ted and I are fond of each other, you know; in fact, we think of getting married soon — at least, he thinks of it. I didn't know he had a cousin, such a pretty cousin, too!" with a laugh; "he kept that a secret."

"I really came to speak about it — about this marriage," said Gwendoline, nervously. "You know his people —"

"O!" Madge Baptiste turned sharply from regarding herself in the mirror. "O, I understand! They have heard — perhaps he told them; he said he should. They object — ah! And you?" She drew a chair opposite the girl, and sat down, and rested her arms on her knees with her face between her hands.

"I am only his cousin — we have been chums always. I said I would see you, and tell you that his father and mother were angry; that he was merely a boy and —"

"Yes, yes — I know — don't go on." She looked Gwendoline up and down. She saw her youth; she guessed the real reason of her visit. "Ted is a boy in years, I know, but he is a man for all that. He is 22 and I am 23. Besides, I am only a dancer, and he is Colonel Langley's son. Please understand I have — no — wish to — marry him — if his parents object. I will tell him he must

THREE NEW SHIRT WAISTS.



The new shirt waists show great variety of style. Many are cut with yoke, but almost as many are without. Some have the yoke both in front and back. The fashionable shirt waist is unquestionably the white one, both thick and thin ones, made in great variety. The plain shirt waist of madras or heavy linen has little fullness in front; some are made with pointed, some with plain yokes at the back, but the majority have no yoke at all. The waists are all made to give the long-waisted effect in front. The sleeves are a little larger than those of last year, and the fullness is arranged at the top to give the broad-shouldered effect. The more elaborate waists are attractive, and most of them button in the back. They have lace collars, while the cuffs are finished with a little edge of lace and are really nothing but a band around the wrist. All kinds of stitching, tucking and fancy buttons are used.

go away and not see me again. I shall miss him at first, I expect. A dancer's life is a lonely one, you know. She has so few friends, and unless she — Ah, there is the call boy. Well, good-by — and if I don't see — Teddy — again — say good-by to him — for me!"

But Miss Harper had risen, and was holding Madge Baptiste's hands in hers, while two tears ran down her cheeks. "O, don't, please! How cruel you must think me! I didn't mean to — I really didn't. But his mother was so unhappy, and I thought you were a — I mean, I didn't dream you really cared for him. He shall marry you! I know he loves you —" and then she burst out crying.

"Miss Baptiste! Curtain's waiting! Hurry up!" yelled a small youth at the door.

"Let it wait; can't come!" replied the dancer, curtly. Then in a soft gentle voice to Gwendoline: "Don't cry, dear; you have been ever so kind. I know you meant well in coming. But I don't think I had better see him again; you'll make a much better wife than I —" There was a suspicious break in her voice.

"No, no," said Gwendoline, between her sobs, blushing violently; "I never thought of that — I only care for him as a sister," but as she said it, she realized that she lied.

"Come, dry your eyes — why, I'm beginning now! What a pretty pair we are! Poor Ted! Why here are two girls each trying to make the other marry him —"

"You — you — will marry him. Promise! I shall never forgive myself — if you don't. I did not know you were so good and so beautiful —"

"Why, how do you know it now? Perhaps I am only humbugging you."

"You are not — I see it in your eyes. You will marry him — won't you?"

"What will 'father and mother' say?"

"O, I'll interview them," laughed Gwen, drying her eyes.

"Even as you interviewed me? Yes, I will marry Teddy if you really wish it, but not else. I couldn't hurt such a good little thing as you."

And then both women began to cry again, holding each other's hands.

The manager had to announce that Miss Madge Baptiste was unable to perform that night.

And Miss Gwendoline Harper also announced, in Colonel Langley's drawing-room, that Madge Baptiste and her cousin Ted were quite right to marry each other, and that she would help them through the ceremony.

And Ted kissed her and said she was a brick, and the Colonel hoisted the white flag.

And after it was all over, Gwendoline sat in her bedroom holding a photo of her cousin in her hand. And her tears splashed dimly on the faded portrait. "I hope she will love him — as much as I love him," she said softly — Madame.

EPICUREAN CHINAMEN.

Their Tables Have the Best the American Markets Afford.

The food bought by the Chinese living in America is often quite as expensive as that of the whites. Instead of living almost altogether on rice and chop suey, as is the general impression, Chinamen being quite fond of meat as Americans, buy pork, beef, and chickens. Chop suey is made to suit to curious white persons who visit Chinatown. In the vicinity of every large city where there is any considerable Chinese colony, there are truck gardens devoted to raising vegetables exclusively for Chinamen from seed brought from their native land. These vegetables are unknown to Americans. But the Chinese also consume large quantities of the finer kinds of American vegetables.

The Chinaman has a sweet tooth, also; and in the best Chinese restaurants in San Francisco, New York, Chicago, and other large cities, the best of wines are served to Chinese as well as American customers, together with the finest and most expensive foods.

"O, that's all right. Ted and I are fond of each other, you know; in fact, we think of getting married soon — at least, he thinks of it. I didn't know he had a cousin, such a pretty cousin, too!" with a laugh; "he kept that a secret."

"I really came to speak about it — about this marriage," said Gwendoline, nervously. "You know his people —"

"O!" Madge Baptiste turned sharply from regarding herself in the mirror. "O, I understand! They have heard — perhaps he told them; he said he should. They object — ah! And you?"

She drew a chair opposite the girl, and sat down, and rested her arms on her knees with her face between her hands.

THREE NEW SHIRT WAISTS.

SALMON P. CHASE'S CARRIAGE.

Still Preserved in the Shop of a Washington Dealer.

The carriage which was in 1862 the handsomest equipage in Washington, and which transported through its streets the reigning society queen of that day — the daughter of Salmon P. Chase, or, as she is now remembered, Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague — has for the last eighteen years occupied an inconspicuous place in the salesroom of Thomas E. Young's carriage house in that city.

The huge vehicle is now quaint and out of date in many ways, though traces of its departed elegance are not lacking. A well-worn footboard in the rear gives evidence of the military appearance of two liveried footmen who gripped with tenacity at the black strap handles in order to maintain their equilibrium. In front is a box seat for the driver, draped somewhat in the fashion of a hearse of the present day.

The interior of the carriage, with its ample seating capacity for six persons, is lined with heavy lilac satin, while the handles and door latches are of silver and ivory. The carriage is jet black and its heavy running gear, together with its ponderous body and substantial trappings, gives the impression that it is looking with haughty disdain on the glossy traps which surround it in the salesroom never admitting for a moment that its former glory has been lessened a whit by the vagaries of fashion.

Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague gave the carriage in trade for a more modern vehicle about eighteen years ago. Its value now is simply that of a relic, but in the estimation of Mr. Young this value is increasing each year.

Mr. Young also has stored away in his lofts the Seward carriage, which is an exact counterpart of the carriage shown at Buffalo as the equipage of Abraham Lincoln. This, with the carriage of Gen. Tecumseh Sherman, says the Washington Star, he purchased about twenty years ago.

A FEARFUL JOY.

Chief Justice of England a Difficult Man to Talk With.

Lord Russell of Killowen, the late Lord Chief Justice of England, was very brusque in manner, and to call upon him was sometimes "a fearful joy." A visitor, a Mr. Wilkins, once appeared in Lord Russell's office to ask a favor. The conversation which ensued would be regarded anywhere as sufficient evidence of Lord Russell's eccentricity, to use a mild term.

"How do you do, Sir Charles?" said Wilkins. "I think I had the honor of meeting you with Lord —"

"What do you want?" interrupted Lord Russell.

"Well, Sir Charles, I have endeavored to state in my letter —"

"Yes, I have your letter," said Lord Russell, brusquely, "and you write a very slovenly hand."

"The fact is, Sir Charles, I wrote that letter in a hurry in your waiting-room."

"Not at all, not at all. You had plenty of time to write a legible note. No, you are careless. Go on!"

"Well, a vacancy has occurred in —" began the visitor.

"You are very untidy in your appearance," broke in Sir Charles.

"I was traveling all night. I only —"

"Nonsense!" again interrupted Lord Russell. "You had plenty of time to make yourself tidy. No; you are naturally careless about your appearance. Go on!"

"Well, Sir Charles, this vacancy has occurred in —"

"And you are very fat!" interrupted the Chief Justice, irritably.

"That is hereditary, I am afraid," said the visitor, not a little disconcerted by the criticisms of Sir Charles.

"My father was very fat —"

"Not at all," said the Chief Justice.

"I knew your father well. He wasn't fat. It's laziness."

But Lord Russell helped the man to the position he desired. His bark was often worse than his bite.

Aged Dog Commits Suicide.

"There's old Tige; he's 15 years old, really blind, and a nuisance," said the proprietor of the hotel at Alford, Pa., the other day. "I haven't the heart to kill him, but if some fellow will shoot him and bury him up on the hill, I will give him a dollar."

A barroom lounging immediately accepted the offer, and left for his home to get a gun. Old Tige arose from the floor near the stove, gave a pitiful whine, and went out of doors. In half an hour the man returned with a gun, but the dog was nowhere to be found.

A persistent search all the afternoon failed to reveal his presence, and the barroom crowd gave up the chase at nightfall.

Next morning the milkman discovered the mangled body of old Tige on the railroad tracks. He had committed suicide to escape being shot to death.

Chicago Inter Ocean.

President's Estimate of Daughter.

In speaking of his daughter Alice to a friend President Roosevelt once said: "She does not stay in the house and fold her hands and do nothing. She can walk as far as I can, and she often takes a tramp of several miles at the pace I set for her. She can ride, drive, skee, shoot — though she doesn't care much for the shooting. I don't mind that. It isn't necessary for her health, but the outdoor exercise is, and she has plenty of it." —Ladies' Home Journal.

Jefferson Memorial Road.

Citizens of Albemarle County, Virginia, have organized the Jefferson Memorial Road association for the purpose of building a public boulevard between Charlottesville and Monticello, where President Jefferson lies buried. The road will be two miles long, and is expected to cost \$20,000.

Milk Kept in Frozen Chunks.

There are but few cows in Labrador. No wonder. The natives procure their milk for the winter and then kill their cows. The milk is kept in barrels, where it freezes and never threatens to sour throughout the entire season.

When one wishes any milk he has simply to go to the barrel and cut out a slice.

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Hot Water from Well.

Ted — What's that peculiar odor about Miss Cobwigger?

Ned — I'm not sure whether she's been riding in an auto or cleaning her dress with benzine. — New York Sun.

Struck Oil.

Ted — What's that peculiar odor about Miss Cobwigger?

Ned — I'm not sure whether she's been riding in an auto or cleaning her dress with benzine. — New York Sun.

The Corset Pad.

The corset pad is a heart-shaped piece of silk, the size of a tea plate. It has a double interlining of cotton. A ruching of ribbon is around the edge. It is worn, point downward, pinned to the outside of the corset to give the low, full-busted effect that is the fashionable desire. There need not be a sachet annex to it; just the pad, which is strictly for improving the figure, and which gives that low-fronted look as surely as does the pointed belt.

The Black Skirt.

"They say" that to be without a black lace skirt this season is to be pitifully poor as to one's wardrobe. It is the black dress skirt, the one to which

the fancy bodice is most wedded.

Above all, there is no skirt that may be worn upon a greater number of different occasions. It has, in short, taken the place of the black satin skirt of some years ago and the black taffeta of a later period. How to make one's black lace skirt chic and charming and at the same time unlike everybody's else is the problem. The material does not admit of much variety. Be the flounces many or few, the general character of the skirt must ever be the same.

An Old-New Coiffure.

Each season as it comes, writes "A Society Butterly," brings some new styles in hairdressing. This year the most striking novelty seems to be the long, loose curl on the neck. Like most other fashions, it is a revival, and had its birth in the early '60s, when Queen Alexandra came over to England, as the "sea-king's daughter." The curl must come from the back of the neck, be brought forward to the front, be neatly, evenly twisted, and — this is most important — be what is termed a "

Catarrh

Invites Consumption

It weakens the delicate lung tissues, deranges the digestive organs, and breaks down the general health.

It often causes headache and dizziness, impairs the taste, smell and hearing, and affects the voice.

Being a constitutional disease it requires a constitutional remedy.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

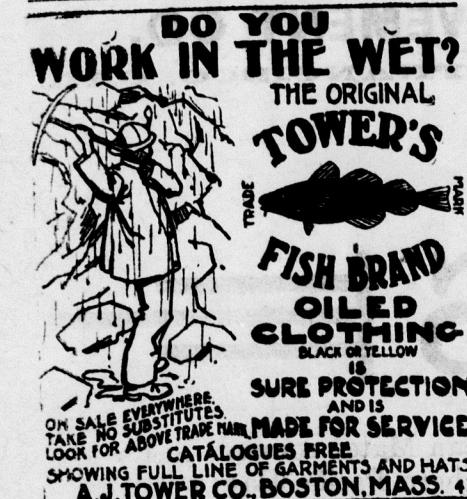
Radically and permanently cures catarrh of the nose, throat, stomach, bowels, and more delicate organs.

Read the testimonials.

No substitute for Hood's acts like Hood's. Be sure to get Hood's.

"I was troubled with catarrh twenty years. Seeing statements of cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla resolved to try it. Four bottles entirely cured me." WILLIAM SHERMAN, 1030 6th St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Hood's Sarsaparilla promises to cure and keeps the promise.



This \$55.00 Machine
for only \$17.00



Greater than the cost of making is the expense of selling when high grade machines are sold in the usual way through agencies. All this expense eliminated here

Hale Bros Inc.
San Francisco.

Money is not all. You can't afford to trade honor and manhood for it.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for **FREE** \$2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 34 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Shun the man who is brutal to animals.

ADAMS SARSAPARILLA PILLS. A spring medicine for Constipation, Impure Blood, Pimples, Sallow Complexion. 10c, 25c.

Prof. Experience gives us lessons we remember, and he knows how to charge for them.

Mem. for Good Health. Today drink some "Castilewood" Bourbon, or Rye Whiskey. Highest grade Kentucky goods. Cartan, McCarthy & Co., sole distributors, San Francisco.

Nature abhors a vacuum, and gossip is the stubb she puts into empty heads.

Piles of Pain. Many kinds of piles—itching, bleeding—all painful, terrible tortures, but all are quickly cured by Cascarets Candy Cathartic. All drugists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Unclean teeth are almost a sure sign of rude living.

The next time you call for a drink try Gilt Edge Whiskey, because it is pure. All first-class dealers sell it. Wiegman, Lutgen & Co., San Francisco, Cal. Sole proprietors.

Live the life that leads you upward all the time. Of this one thing be certain: The more you enlighten yourself the happier you will be. Dark ignorance was never truly happy.

Tired Out

"I was very poorly and could hardly get about the house. I was tired out all the time. Then I tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and it only took two bottles to make me feel perfectly well."—Mrs. N. S. Swinney, Princeton, Mo.

Tired when you go to bed, tired when you get up, tired all the time. Why? Your blood is impure, that's the reason. You are living on the border line of nerve exhaustion. Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla and be quickly cured.

Ask your doctor what he thinks of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He knows all about this grand old remedy. Follow his advice and we will be satisfied. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

RECENT JUDICIAL DECISIONS.

The absence of the jury from the courtroom for a few minutes, unattended by an officer, was held by the Supreme Court of Mississippi, in the case of Carter vs. State (29 So. Rep., 148), to subject the jury to a suspicion of improper influence, and is an irregularity which vitiates the verdict.

The mere fact that a conversation is by means of a telephone does not put upon the party proving it any greater burden of proof than that involved in the establishing of any oral contract made through an intermediary, holds the Supreme Court of New Jersey in the case of Henderson Manufacturing Company vs. Moore (48 Atl. Rep., 525).

The promise of two persons to take each other as husband and wife in the presence of one who holds himself out as a minister, and who performs a marriage ceremony, followed by living together, constitutes a legal marriage, holds Judge Gildersleeve of the New York Supreme Court, special term, in the case of Herz vs. Herz (69 N. P. Supp., 478).

The rules of a newspaper publisher forbidding his employees to publish any statement reflecting on any one, without due investigation, are held by the New York Supreme Court, Appellate division, in the case of O'Brien vs. Bennett (69 N. Y. Supp., 298), not to be admissible in an action for libel, as bearing on the question of malice, but are only pertinent to the question whether the article was published without proper inquiry as to its truth.

In North Carolina a church member was expelled from his church for voting the Democratic ticket. The persons instrumental in the expulsion were indicted under the statute providing that any person who injures, threatens, oppresses, or attempts to intimidate a voter because of his vote at any election shall be guilty of a misdemeanor. The indictment was quashed by the lower court, and the Supreme Court, on appeal, sustained this action, holding that none of the elements in the statute is embraced in the defendant's expulsion from the church, since he did not suffer loss of property or gain and was not in any way restrained of his liberty or otherwise controlled in the exercise of his personal conduct. (State vs. Rogers, 38 S. E. Rep., 34.)

In the case of Wood v. Gas Co., 61 N. E. Rep. 674, the Supreme Court of Indiana holds that a natural gas company which has been permitted by the city to lay its mains in the streets for the purpose of furnishing the citizens with natural gas, is bound to furnish it to every citizen who makes application therefor and complies with the reasonable regulations of the company, and that the failure of its supply of natural gas is not a sufficient legal reason for the refusal to supply new customers. The court says that the company's powers were granted in consideration for its engagement to bring to the community a public benefit, and that if the beneficial agency shall fall short, it can make no difference in the right of all to participate in it on equal terms.

A Relic of Barbarism.

The time-honored custom of giving the bride her husband's name on the wedding day is a relic of the epoch when woman was a mere appendage. She was an integral portion of the gens or family, now of her father, now of her brother, now of her husband. She had not independent entity of her own. Hence she took over the surname of her legal protector, giving up that of her father. Names were a label indicating ownership, and changed accordingly. This is so true that wherever woman's rights were acknowledged—as was the case among many wild tribes—the child received the mother's name, or the appellation of her gens, not that of the male parent. Thus the head of the family has always bestowed his name on the members, and the first outward sign of female emancipation, when it does come, will be the maintenance by young wives of their maiden names, with or without the patronymic of their husbands. Why should it not be so even now? A wife is said to be her husband's half, very often she is his better half. Is it not meet that this relation should appear in the family name? The dualism of family names is no unheard of innovation. In Belgium man and wife very often unite surnames when they bind hands and hearts, and "double-barreled" names are as plentiful as blackberries in autumn. They have usually a distinguished ring about them as if they were titles of nobility. Sometimes they are alarmingly long; that, however, is not the fault of the system, but only of the country.

Output of Oleomargarine.

The number of oleomargarine factories in the United States is only twenty-four, but their annual output sells for more than \$30,000,000. There go into it 23,000,000 pounds of milk and cream, 33,000,000 pounds of beef fat oleo, 37,000,000 pounds of neutral lard and 11,000,000 pounds of cottonseed oil. The amount of oleomargarine made in the Netherlands is greater, and that made in Germany double that produced in the United States.

As to Silver.

He—So they were married at home, eh? What did you think of the service?

She—Not much. Although I looked very carefully I couldn't find the "sterling" mark on it, so it must have been plated.—Philadelphia Press.

There's no fool like a young fool who tries to act like an old fool.

THE BEAN WEEVIL.

The experiment in bean raising made in the Fernando Valley, has received a check from the prevalence of the bean weevil. I have samples of last year's crop so riddled with this insect that few of the beans would germinate, and fewer were fit for food. This may be a serious hindrance to the business, and may indicate that beans can be successfully grown only as field crops, and away from regions where garden vegetables are so extensively grown, as they are about Los Angeles. The annual clean-up of the bean fields of Ventura county no doubt cleans up also all the weevil, and only pure seed planted each year will keep the damage down to the minimum.

A simple means of killing bean weevil in seeds designed for planting is in place just now. Place the beans in barrel, and set in a saucerful of bisulphide of carbon on top of the lot, covering the barrel lightly, and leaving the bisulphide twenty-four hours. This is safer to the plant germs than the hot water process, and much more fatal to the insects.—Los Angeles Times.

Most grain is deficient in lime and mineral matters, but bran is rich in nitrogen, carbon and mineral, and is good to feed with grain.

MUSCULAR SORENESS.

As the result of over-exertion and exposure to heat and cold, or from whatever cause, may be treated successfully by the timely application of St. Jacobs Oil. A thorough rubbing is necessary. The oil should be applied vigorously for at least twenty minutes, two or three times daily, when all pain, soreness, stiffness will be removed in twenty-four hours. It will also strengthen and harden the muscles.

"When I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was not able to do my housework. I suffered terribly at time of menstruation. Several doctors told me they could do nothing for me. Thanks to the Pinkham advice and medicine I am now well, and can do the work for eight in the family."

"I would recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all mothers with large families."—Mrs. Carrie Belleville, Ludington, Mich.

To Mothers of Large Families

In this workaday world few women are so placed that physical exertion is not constantly demanded of them in their daily life.

We make a special appeal to mothers of large families whose work is never done, and many of whom suffer, and suffer for lack of intelligent aid.

To women, young or old, rich or poor, we extend an invitation to accept free advice. Oh, women! do not let

With a shriek that will be remembered while Delhi lasts the monarch rose, stared, exploded and in his full agonies screamed, "Hold me down," then rushing from the throne fell prostrate on the floor. There he lay during the long continued effervescence of the compound, spouting like 10,000 pennies worths of imperial pop and believing himself in the agonies of death, a melancholy and humiliating proof that kings are mortal.—Indian Mirror.

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South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.

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